

HAREM

THE MAGAZINE FOR SHEIKS

INSIDE:

A HAREM
ON A
BUDGET

SEX
AND
SAND

Exotic
Beauties
Galore!



HAREM

VOL. 1, NO. 2

INTRODUCTION

That palace full of delectable lovelies — with you as chief potentate — may be one of your favored dreams, young man, but it's a closer thing to reality than you realize!

One doesn't need to have a palace to be a sheik, and almost any man can have a HAREM all his own. He has only to be careful that the luscious creatures upon who he showers his affections on a rotating schedule don't get to know each other

HAREM then, is the magazine for you — if this has been the dream you'd most like to see come true. Come along with us, sample the joys of sheikdom and select the damsel of your choice.



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COVER PHOTO BY Ron Vogel

Art Enterprises
8511 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles 46, California



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THE GIRL IN YOUR CAGE



A great many years ago a noted Middle Eastern sheik of great wisdom found that you can keep some of the girls happy and content all of the time, and all of the girls some of the time, but it is virtually impossible to keep all of the girls happy and content all of the time. (He was having the same trouble with his wives that P T Barnum had with customers a few centuries later: They thought he was cheating them.)

After a great deal of brow-kneading and beard-pulling, the sheik came to the conclusion he had been trying too hard to please all of his wives. What he needed was a new approach. Take the offensive. Let his wives try to please him!

Living in an oasis as he did, Sheik Ali Tyme ordered his blacksmiths to build a huge iron cage which would completely enclose a part of the palace garden. Once enclosed,

A Firm Approach To Love And Seduction



Give Her Time To Think – Your Way!

the cage was furnished with all of the luxuries that could be taken into it. A prisoner would lack for nothing.

During this period, the sheik's wives had become so interested in what he was doing they even quit nagging and demanding to be told each was his favorite. But as soon as the cage was finished and the sheik seemed to lose interest in it, some of his wives began to show signs of sullenness again.

That was when he began to use the cage.


He summoned one wife, a young, beautiful creature, who had felt she should be his favorite and that he should spend *all* his nights with her.

"You do not appreciate the things you have," he told her "Perhaps, if you have to do without entirely, you will come to your senses." And he banished her to the cage in the garden.

For several days—and nights—the







young woman remained in the garden, as sensuously sullen as ever. After all, she had all the luxuries there she would have had in the palace. Her servants, the finest of food and wines, a bath to her order with an array of perfumes and odors.

The only thing missing was the sheik. And it was not long before the harem girl discovered he was the only thing that counted.

For days the sheik did not deign to approach his beautiful young wife, while she fretted and stormed about the enclosure, threatening to pull out his beard hair-by-hair. At last, he approached and found her waiting beside the bars, repentant and pleading to be taken back to the harem.

"It is better to have a little than nothing at all," she admitted to him.

So, she lived happily in the harem, sheepishly

with his other thirty-six wives and so did the other malcontents, after they had spent some time in seclusion in the Cage of Luxury, meditating over their loneliness.

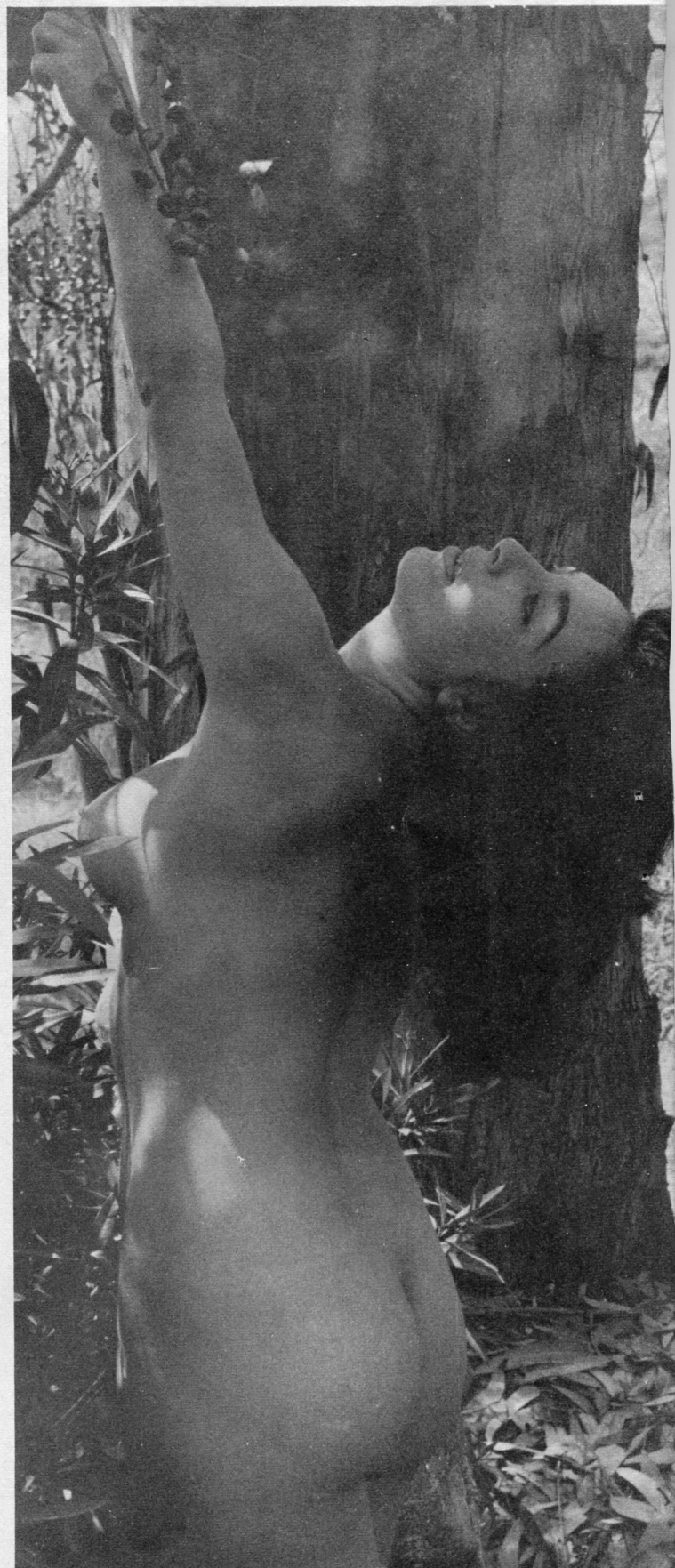
Now, there are laws today that make it illegal to cage your girl friend if you don't see eye to eye. (A very poor law, we agree, but it's there and damned little we can do about changing it. The sheik had the advantage in that his wives were not allowed to vote, you know.)

So, the only answer is to build a cage around yourself, boy, when that comely creature begins to get too possessive and too demanding.

Without telling her to shove off (after all, why ruin a good thing), just play it cool. After all the time you've spent in chasing her, attempting to lure her to the boudoir without success, it's time to change your tactics. She's been playing you, letting you think she doesn't care, but she probably does. If she thinks you have other interests and you begin to ignore her, you'll find she's on the telephone—if not at your door—wanting to know why you haven't been around.

Keep her on edge. Tell her you've been busy. When she suggests she's free for the evening, tell her you'll have to check your appointment schedule—and take plenty of time in doing it. By this time, she should be real worried, boy.

Agree to see her, but be late, when you arrive. If she hasn't broken out the gin bottle with ice, and appears



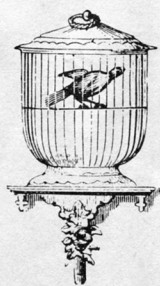




at the door in a negligee, you can figure you're going to have to play it cool a while longer.

But if she does surrender this soon, you'll know you're almost home. She doesn't like being on the outside of *your* cage anymore than the sheik's wife enjoyed being on the inside of hers. Either way, it's a simple matter of letting her know who's boss

but your way is more subtle, while being equally as wise. Again, "a little is better than none at all."



SEX, SONG &

THERE are many strange but true things about the Todas, an outlandish tribe of virile lovers who live in the wind-swept hills above Octacamund in Southern India. One is the amazing sexual capacity of the male members of the tribe, who boast they are capable of possessing and satisfying more wives and mistresses than the males of any other nation on earth.



2,000 Conquests Per Man Is A Low Average For The Todas

SEDUCTION

By PAUL BROCK

One male Toda I interviewed mentioned casually that a mark-up of two thousand conquests by the time a man reached the age of thirty was not unusual, and that he himself hoped to surpass this figure by twenty-five per cent, judging by the recent upsurge in the demand for his services.

"The sahib does not believe me?" he asked in an injured tone, when I grinned tolerantly "The sahib would not also attain *nirvana* with two thousand females himself if he had the chance?"

I tried to think of an honest answer, but couldn't. I merely explained that religion and the social ethics of the West frown upon such sport, which, in Todas Land, is vigorously pursued inside the homes of the laziest and happiest people on earth.

The homes, built of rough-hewn planks and jungle wood, are thatched with straw. They are deeply entrenched in the rocky ground, and over half the space inside is reserved exclusively for love-making.

Local legend declares that the Todas are descendants of Alexander's Greek soldiers, and that through the centuries they drifted south, to settle finally in the Nilgiri Hills region of southern India. Though they have lived for centuries at heights around seven thousand feet, the Todas bear no resemblance to a hill people, nor are they like any other race in India in features or habits.

The men are tall and slender, with classical features, long hair and beards. Their carriage is proud and majestic, and enhanced by a length of coarse cotton cloth flung around them like a Roman toga.

They indulge in some very peculiar sexual customs, said to be stimulated by the bracing climate of the hills. They have greater sexual freedom than any other tribe in the world and apparently have no feeling that corresponds to hatred or jealousy in any respect.

As with most other peoples, marriage is an institution with them. When a boy grows up, he chooses a wife, but when he marries, his wife also becomes the wife of all his

brothers and the woman has full marital standing and relationships with all of them—whatever the number—until they choose their own wives and go their own ways. But if a husband becomes a widower, he is quite entitled to court another man's wife, to carry her off to his home and open negotiations with her husband and her father, offering to buy her, using cows as currency. It is open for the previous husband to object, but it is highly irregular, for the understanding is that if the woman allows herself to be carried off, the husband will accept compensation for her loss, then look round to see if he cannot get away with somebody else's wife for himself.

In addition to this, practically every man—married or single—has his mistress, each woman her lover. There are absolutely no interferences with the course of true love, a man may carry off another man's wife, marry her and at the same time visit yet another man's wife as his "mistress," even though that "mistress" is herself married to four or five brothers.

This glorious tangle is even more complicated by the fact that casual love affairs are always going on, and the official attitude is that these casual affairs are fine—unless the husband finds out. If he does find out, a present of a good cow calms his injured pride.

So this nation of free lovers carries on, knowing nothing of jealousy or hatred, never dreaming that a love adventure with another man's wife merits disapproval from her husband plus expensive legal proceedings in other parts of the world.

One wonders whether the Todas are able to find time for anything else but love, which, they boast, occupies all their waking hours. But it's an exaggerated boast, for at least one-third of the average Toda's whole life is spent in singing and reciting poetry, and while it is admittedly possible to make love at the same time, the usual routine is for fifteen or twenty male Todas to get away from all womanly temptation and sing their heads off for several hours at a stretch.

Words, music and poetry are composed on the spot and deal not only with prowess in love, but with the advantages of being dead, the beauty of the dawn and the mountains, the bountiful nature of their gods. They also sing about (to us) unpoetic things such as trains, cows, illnesses, and about every casual visitor to the tribe.

Everything connected with the upkeep of the cow and the buffalo is solemn and sacred. The dairy is the Toda temple where the cow and her by-products are worshipped fanatically. One of their favorite prayers is chanted as follows: "May the cows remain well, may the milk be plentiful and may all women continue to delight their husbands and lovers."

One advantage the male Todas hold over their Western brothers is that they never indulge in the tiresome business of working. They don't have to, for they are, and have been for a thousand years, "Lords of the Soil." They own the Shangri La land and live in the midst of the dark blue hills where the sun shines practically the whole year round. The scenery is something out of a travel agent's version of Paradise, with cascading waterfalls, cool green turf, flowers running riot like weeds, and majestic mountain peaks on all sides.

The complete and undisrupted ownership of this desirable piece of real estate enables the Todas to make a living without earning it, for they are entitled by ancient law to levy "gudu" or tribute on a neighboring tribe living on Todas' land, called the Badagas.

The Badagas regard the Todas with superstitious awe, do all the manual labor within the munds or villages, provide the Todas men with an ever-varying selection of comely Badagas women.

This has been going on ever since the Badagas fled from Tippu Sultan in Mysore, India, to avoid forcible conversion to Mohammedism, eight hundred years ago. They expected to find the Nilgiris Hills plateau deserted, but were confronted by tall, long-haired gods who struck a bargain with them.



SEX, SONG & SEDUCTION

made of mud and painted red, with wide, staring eyes, thick lips, and a grin like those I had just seen on the faces of the young men who had been describing their sexual conquests.

The idol was placed in the center of the circle, and the older women started the music. The sound was very much like voodoo drums punctuated at regular intervals by a sharp clang from the cymbals. The instant the music started, the young girls sprang to their feet and started to strip themselves nude. Then they walked round the idol with slow rhythmic steps, swaying their buttocks from side to side and throwing their heads back in ecstasy. They were praying to the gods for a special favor, I was told, and that favor was rain.

As the dance went on the music became louder, more compelling, the exotic movements of the nude girls wilder. Soon they had worked themselves into a frenzy. No longer were they pleading with their gods, but heaping every vituperation and abuse upon them, spitting and hissing at the idol with half-closed eyes and drooling mouths. Their chanting changed into sexual songs which boasted of the prowess of their husbands and lovers. Then, in a final burst of frenzy, they fell upon the idol, breaking it to pieces, scattering its remains in all directions.

They turned, facing the men with arms outstretched. The young men ran forward, each grabbed the girl of his choice and ran with her into the fields surrounding the mound, where they flung themselves on the ground and embraced.

I witnessed a Todas marriage ceremony which was all over in ten seconds flat. The young husband, extremely bored and wearing a clean toga, stood in the center of the village square, waiting for his bride.

She arrived, a tall young woman with jutting breasts and flashing teeth. She knelt before him and placed her head on the ground. The young man placed his right foot on her head, and presto! they were Mister and Missus.

The wife, complying with the traditional Todas wedding customs, retired immediately to her house to prepare a potent brew of rice wine and to cook a substantial meal for her lord and master. While she was doing this, the newly-married young man was eyeing another girl who

was filling calabashes with water closeby. He gave her the "come-on" signal and they vanished behind some trees, returning ten minutes later looking mighty pleased with themselves. Then Mr. Newly-Wed went inside the house to see how his wife was getting along.

I was told that a cousin of the Todas chief had died, and that the ceremony of the buffaloes would take place immediately. This turned out to be a most undignified and most athletic funeral. It seems the cows and buffaloes, being so sacred, know all things, including the date one of the Todas is going to die. Having no wish to enter Paradise with him just yet, they wander away from their accustomed grazing grounds and there follows a magnificent chase, with the young men of the tribe pounding through the village streets and across the fields in hot pursuit of the lumbering animals. The young women follow the men, shouting encouragement and promising delectable favors for the man who rounds up the most beasts.

On this occasion the strenuous funeral rites lasted about two hours and by that time ten of the animals had been caught and taken to the dairy. There they were clubbed to death with long hammers, the privileged dairymen doing the clubbing. Great shouts of admiration went up as each dairyman displayed himself outside the dairy, swinging the 20-lb hammer and delivering one of the inevitable Toda poems comparing the size and effectiveness of the hammer with part of his own person. Not even at a funeral can the Todas resist indulging in sex-play.

There are about six hundred Todas and it is a remarkable fact that, throughout the centuries, that figure has never been greatly exceeded, nor has it been reduced. They seem to have found the secret of self-preservation and limitation of population according to resources. There is no doubt that the males, at least, are supremely happy and totally ignorant of any kind of worry.

Indolent, lazy, and sexually promiscuous they certainly are, and perhaps it is true that they have not progressed in any way for centuries. But what do we mean by progress? If we mean the attainment of a life of perfect contentment, then the Todas are far more progressive than any of us in the so-called civilized Western world.

The Badagas agreed to become virtual slaves of the Todas and allow them full and unrestricted choice of their wives, if the Todas would allow them to live on their land. That arrangement still stands today and explains why all Todas men have so much time for making love and singing.

An eye-popping ceremony is the Rain Dance, which normally is held only during periods of drought. The dance is performed exclusively by women.

During my three-day visit to the tribe I hadn't seen a single specimen of the girls who had been praised with such extravagant ecstasy by the virile Todas. But for the Rain Dance they began to appear, hurrying from houses at the call of the men, and organizing themselves in a ring. To Western eyes they hardly added up to anything worth wolf calls, with their broad, flat features and straggly black hair. Their bodies were concealed for the time being by the same shapeless togas the men were wearing, but this situation was soon changed.

Some elderly females appeared carrying drums and cymbals. They were also lifting the image of some deity, which, I was told, was called "Hudum Deo," a Rain God of great repute with the Todas. The idol was



"Let's go someplace that we can talk, Mr. Briggs!"





RUB-A-DUB-DUB

A harem is no place for non-working drones, (assuming there is such a thing as a female drone), and if you are to hold jealousies, minor tiffs and other unromantic disruptions to an absolute minimum, it is imperative that each lovely damsel of your collection be given some responsibilities. It's in keeping with the policies of all harems that idle hands are less likely to find trouble.

One of the less attractive chores about the harem, of course, will be that of washing the royal chariot. Some of the girls are certain to object; this is natural, since no lissome lass cares to think of herself in the role of a mechanic. It just isn't considered feminine.

So, unless you're willing to strip off the regal robes and break out the hose and pail yourself (losing face





with all members of the harem in so doing), this should become the subject of more than the usual amount of concentration.

For such enterprises as car washing, life should have its rewards, of course, and what better than to offer the volunteers for the task a ride in the moonlight with the top down? This will serve an additional purpose, of course. It will allow the girl (or girls) to convince you she certainly is good for something else besides erasing smog marks from the chrome of the chariot . . . allow her to illustrate at this point.

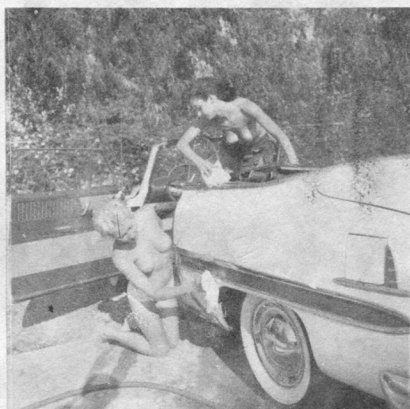
It also will offer you ample opportunity to charm her with the fact that you appreciate her efforts in your behalf and that the car washing detail really was her own idea. She has done so fine a job that you wouldn't think of turning over this chore to anyone else from now on.

Of course, if the thought should enter her mind that you are taking advantage of her good nature (and you are, you know), it would be well to make a game of it, suggesting it would be grand fun if the next time the two of you washed the car together (This also has its drawbacks, however. If the other girls in the harem learn of this, it's possible they may demand similar mutual cooperation with every phase of harem operation from cooking to floor-polishing.

If She'll Wash Your Car



As Well As Your Back, You're In, Man... You're In!



A line has to be drawn somewhere, if you're not to find yourself a jack-of-all-trades, attempting to satisfy the fleeting whims of women instead of vice-versa.)

But back to the car-washing racket! — You can always point out to the luscious sponge bearer that you love nothing better than a girl with a good suntan, then subtly point out that there's no better way of gaining that tan than a little active exercise — such as chrome polishing. You can promise to take her to the beach as soon as the vehicle is so presentable enough that you won't be ashamed to have her seen on the highways riding in it.

And if she should raise the point that all this soap and water is bad for her hands, we suggest you get yourself to the nearest television set, check out the commercials, then purchase a brand of detergent guaranteed to be good for hand care.

She may even thank you!

And if all this plotting doesn't bear fruit, you can always take the old heap to the nearest car wash yourself, spend the necessary buck or two, then pick her up for a spin in the breeze and beauty of evening.

In fact, this is probably the best idea of all. It wouldn't be right, you know, to have her so worn out from her labors that the idea of loving doesn't appeal to her.

Much better to take her for a drive, all clean and rested, her perfume wafted to you on the evening breeze, raising your blood pressure like some exotic drug, and you telling her that you washed the car just for her benefit; that you couldn't bear the idea of her having to ride about in a dusty machine.

Once you're parked on a hill, looking down at the city lights, you can complain that you're not used to so much exercise and snuggle against her, even putting your head in her lap.

If she's at all sympathetic over the efforts you've made to make her a sparkling gem in the crown of this night, you're on your way.

So go wash the car. It'll probably be worth it.





**The Keepers Of The Royal Chariots
Should Enjoy Their Work.**





**The Keepers Of
Should Enjoy**



**The Royal Chariots
Their Work.**



**If The Harem's A Bust, You Can Always Open A
Car Wash!**





"... but what else can you do?"

Her Sensuous Dances Would Raise Blood To The Boiling Point!



Each of these dancers is an authentic product of the Near or Middle East, and like Maria Vassilakou and Afete Seville, each boasts the feminine measurements to make any sultan flip with joy, even keeping him home evenings. After all, who would *want* to venture into the Casbah for adventure when such lovable wives as these can be found wondering about the palace garden?

Their dark-haired, sloe-eyed beauty is a wonder to behold, and each bears an Old World charm, which plainly states they believe a woman's place

in life is to afford happiness to her mate.

Even when donning street clothes (those bell dancer outfits may be okay back home, but the New York police frown upon their being utilized for street wear), one realizes that clothes definitely do not make the woman. Even while wearing the latest fashions, or perhaps a simple cotton creation, these harem dancers still display a manner to clearly tell one and all that woman was what she is long before the fig leaf ever was considered an artificial adornment.

These Imported
Turkish Delicacies
Are Why
Sheiks
Leave Home











Anyone
For
The
Sand
Pile?







SEX And SAND

The Greatest Lover of them All, Rudolph Valentino, is best remembered for his silent film epochs concerning Love and Sand, but the sight of such sand lovers as luscious Jane Small should be enough to cause the Master to kick off his tombstone and return to the Land of the Loving.

Admittedly, there is nothing particularly sexy about sand, or the thought of being buried in it, but the simple addition of a lovely creature against the background of a sand dune is enough to make the mind run rampant.

Sex and Sand just naturally go together. They have all kinds of possibilities. After all, no true desert sheik would be caught without his sand dune, and what would shipwrecks be without a sand-covered atoll?



Perfect Partner For A Ship-Wrecking!



Who Wants To Be Rescued



If given a choice over the desert and being shipwrecked, the Thinking Man would probably choose the latter situation; the desert always means sunburn, whereas there is no real reason to maintain decorum—such as wearing clothing—while marooned on an island far from civilization.

Of course, the first rule in being shipwrecked is never to find oneself in this situation alone. After all, being cast up on a desert island without any semblance of feminine companionship, is almost like being dead! The only thing one can possibly do in a situation such as this is arrange for signal flares, flags and other contrivances leading to rescue. It means a very boring time at best.

But if you're marooned on an island with a young, desirable creature boasting all the attributes of womanhood, there is absolutely no reason whatsoever to hurry about building that fire. Rescue might well come too soon.

And don't worry too much if you're bald, fortyish and a little paunchy about the middle. Psychology works two ways, you know. You'll look better to the girl as time goes on (Don't ponder this; simply accept it as a biological certainty.)

Of course, she may fall for your charms a bit sooner, if you show her you're the industrious type. You can search the jungle for food, and perhaps gather a few bits of rock and driftwood, making motions at building some kind of a house. She is certain to feel you have a protective interest in you.



In A Situation Like This?



The Cape Is For Fighting Off Men— Not Bulls!

Give her plenty of time to sun in the sand and grow to the realization that there is nothing wrong with nudity—after all, the American Sunbathers Association has been touting it for several decades. In time, she'll come to feel that you have had her best interests at heart all along. She'll welcome your company, and the two of you can stroll the beach in the moonlight and recline on the sand.

That, of course, is the time to point out that you are likely to be here for quite a while and you might as well enjoy it on a mutual basis.

If, during all this, the smoke of a ship should suddenly appear on the horizon and it looks as though rescue is on the way, the best thing to do is to take off for the other side of the island, where this delightful creature can't see it.

This same technique—with variations—also may be used if the two of you are marooned in the desert. Here, of course, you can point out to her that life is only a matter of time and it would be best for the two of you to enjoy it while you still are able. You can always tell her later that there is a desert inn, complete with cocktail sign, just across the next hill.

Just keep in mind that wherever you might find yourself, Sex and Sand go together, and it's up to you to make the best of both!





THE DEADLY FEMALE

By Connie Sellers

SHE wore GI fatigues and a field jacket, filling them out in places they were never meant to be filled. She strode through the still-smoking streets of Mokkye-dong, picking her way through the rubble with small feet snugged into hand-tailored boots.

She wore no hat, and the wealth of her long hair swung over her erect shoulders like a black thundercloud, trailing a musky perfume into the icy Korean air.

GIs who hadn't seen a woman for months, who wanted a woman with the desperate urgency that closeness to death can bring, stared at her as she passed.

But not a soldier approached her. Not a GI reached out a hand to test her realness here in the combat zone.

A big .45 jounced casually against one firm, rounded hip, and if any GI looked up from the high breasts

straining against the OD shirt, the competent set of rich mouth told them she could use it.

For another thing, about three paces behind her walked an American corporal with a carbine. He was obviously a bodyguard, and looked somewhat sheepish, but determined.

One of the line troopers put out a mittened hand and stopped a head-quarter clerk. "Who's the babe with the hardware, Mac?"

The clerk glanced over his shoulder. "Oh—her? Nobody around here knows her real name, but the guys all call her Clammy Annie."

The bearded infantryman blinked. "Clammy? *Her?* How does that fit a doll as beautiful as that one?"

"It fits," said the clerk. "She's as deadly as a black widow spider."

"Just what in the hell is her official capacity in a U.S. Infantry Division?"

Super Spy, She Was As Poisonous As A Black Widow Spider!



"I'll tell you," the clerk said confidentially, "She's carried on the rolls as an 'interpreter.'"

The other man grunted. "I'm in the wrong outfit. I want a transfer to any outfit that's got an interpreter like her"

The anxious GI would have had a difficult time transferring to Annie's "outfit." The unit to which she was assigned as an interpreter was a small one, and just a bit extra-curricula. There were only six Americans in it, including one major

Its code name was the Ivanhoe Security Force, and the bulk of its personnel were South Korean soldiers, Republic of Korea National policemen, deserters from the North Korean Army, some civilian spies and saboteurs, and Clammy Annie—interpreter deluxe.

The volunteer GIs assigned to this

effective, albeit ragtag, private army, handled communications and vehicles. The hundred or so Koreans did any job they were told to do, quickly and well.

The force was a special intelligence unit, a command post guard, and sometimes judge, jury and executioner of communist infiltrators. Yet today, the curious might be hard put to find anything but deliberately brief mentions of it in the Army's official records.

Possibly the U.S. major Annie worked for knew her real name; nobody else did. But numerous men witnessed her starkly realistic methods of interrogating captured communist agents, during that bitter winter of 1950-51.

If the Red infiltrator proved particularly stubborn about disclosing vital information, his questioners sent for Annie. The tall, lush Korean

girl would come into the hut and slide the door closed behind her.

A nod of her head, and the Security Force men would spreadeagle the communist upon the floor in a strained position—arms firmly pinned down, knees bent and lifted, legs spread wide apart.

The questioning would go something like this:

"What work were you sent down from the North to do?"

"I am a loyal South Korean. What right has a mere woman to ask me such questions?"

Annie would step close to the man's raised knees, the curved length of her thighs tensing as her muscles flexed. Then the small foot in the handstitched boot would suddenly lash forward, accurate and agonizing.

When the communist stopped screaming, Annie would calmly ask him the question again. He usually answered. There is something spirit-breaking about being kicked in that spot by a lovely woman, coldly and deliberately. It hurts twice as much.

With the information she wanted, Annie would smile down at the man writhing on the floor of the shack. Then she would nod at the senior interrogator and touch the butt of her pistol.

The Korean would nod in return, and another infiltrator would be taken out into the dark mountains that night, left there as a warning to others.

Little is accurately known about the background and history of Annie. Her name was quite probably Kim, or Lee—the commonest Korean surnames. But in that tense winter, whispers about her past drifted down through division headquarters. They told of her work for the outlawed Korean patriot Kim Koo, of her underground operations against the Japanese who had occupied Korea, short years before.

There were other whispers—insisting that this girl had done jobs for the Japanese as well, and had spied for Chinese factions, too. An Oriental Mata Hari, the stories said, drawing pay from many masters. There was even a tale or two concerning trips she made into the far

North, over the neighboring Russian border

No one could vouch for the authenticity of these reports, with the probable exception of the American major—since he was much closer to Annie than anyone else. In fact, the beautiful professional spy and the quiet major were almost inseparable.

As the division command post moved forward, or recoiled from Chinese thrusts, the pair of them found snug Korean houses for their “headquarters,” softly candlelit, warm against the winds.

Their private furnishings moved with them—a souvenir leather chair from the office of the North Korean Premier, Kim Il Sung; a silver Russian teapot from a hastily evacuated headquarters in Pyongyang; soft, thick Korean quilts in bright colors, and a supply of the powerful, colorless native *soju* to supplement the occasional ration of Stateside Scotch and Bourbon.

Annie’s personal staff included a houseboy, quick to hurry in with a steaming pot of tea for the rare official visitor. It was the little houseboy who let slip that Annie didn’t always wear the harsh, concealing military clothing.

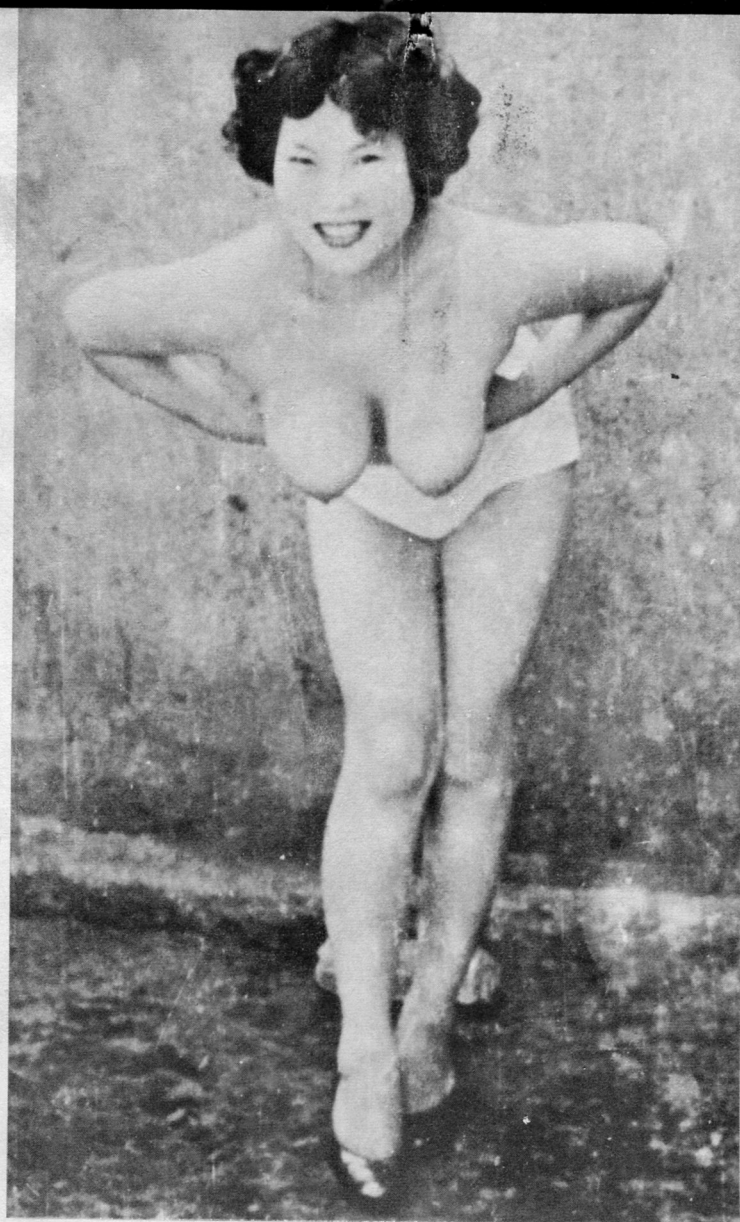
Away from prying eyes, Annie wore a black silk dress from Hong Kong, tailored in the Chinese style.

It was trimmed with red piping, to match the ripe melon color of her mouth, and snugged tightly over her full breasts, and tighter still across her flat stomach and the swell of her hips. The traditional slit skirt exposed a tapering, ivory leg almost to the hip.

When she wore this special dress, Annie brought out the jade earrings and the treasured perfumes, and combed her hair out into soft flowing waves. Then she waited for her boss, the major.

As one sighing GI put it, the major had found himself “one hell of a fine way to fight a war.”

But if you thought about it awhile, you wondered. Had Annie been as sweetly feminine to some Japanese colonel? Had she been as softly desirable to some Chinese staff officer, to some Korean politico? Had she been as mysteriously exotic to a fat Russian spy chief?



Then you wondered a little more—about just how many of her lovers she had betrayed to the mercies of a Samurai sword, a machine pistol, or a GI .45.

And you remembered with terrible clarity the picture of a lovely woman’s boot toe kicking viciously into a man’s groin.

Then Annie didn’t seem quite as desirable anymore.

The Korean war settled into a political stalemate not long after that, and the major returned to the United States and other, less pleasant duties. With his departure, the Ivanhoe Security Force fell apart, and Annie disappeared.

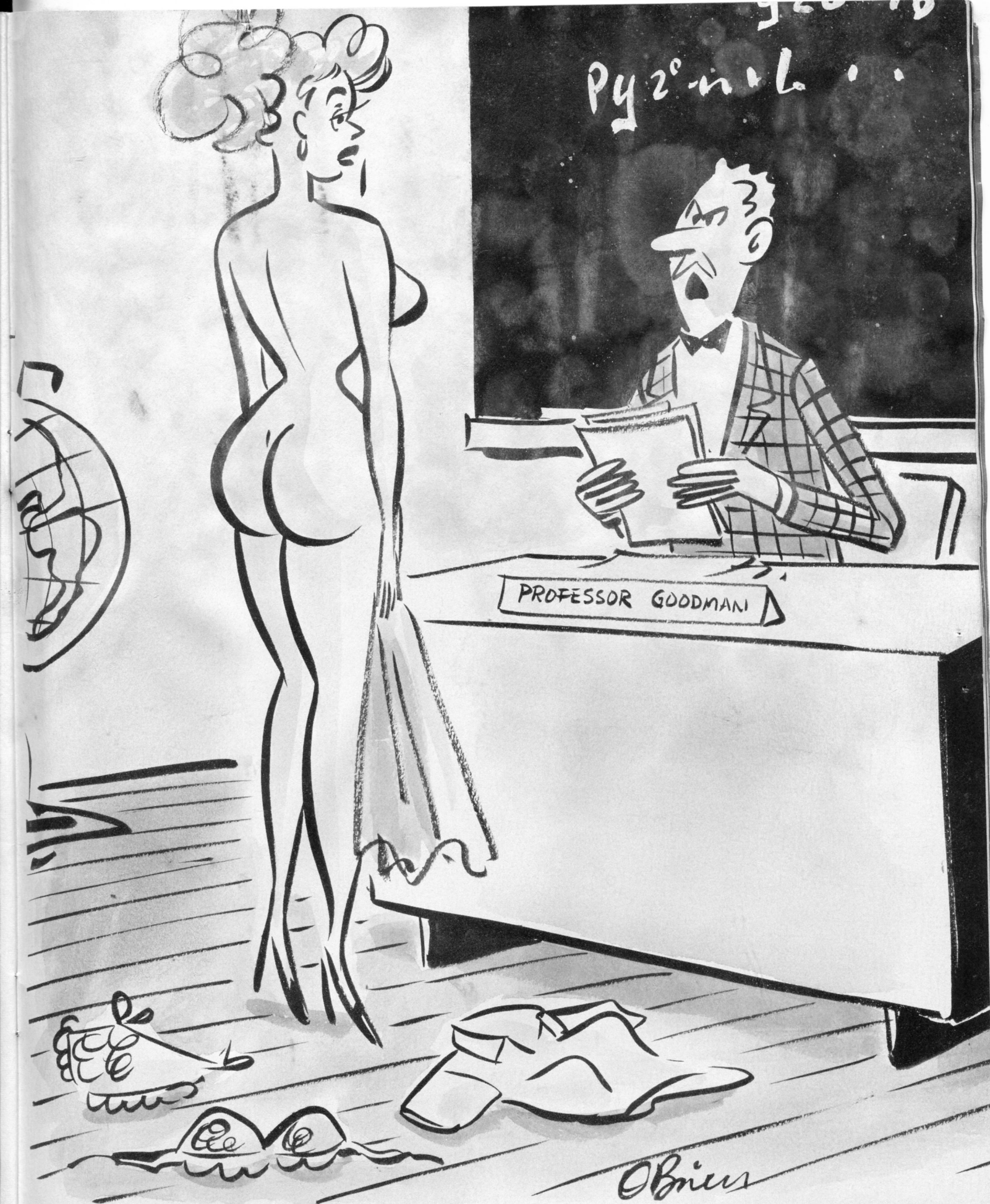
She may still be drawing pay from the U.S. Army, along with thoughtful little presents from another man with brass on his collar. She might be north of the Parallel now, or

across the Yalu River in Manchuria. Or Annie could quite possibly be snug in a room overlooking Vladivostok Harbor counting the ships as they come and go.

But wherever she is today, clever, beautiful Annie is doing all right for herself.

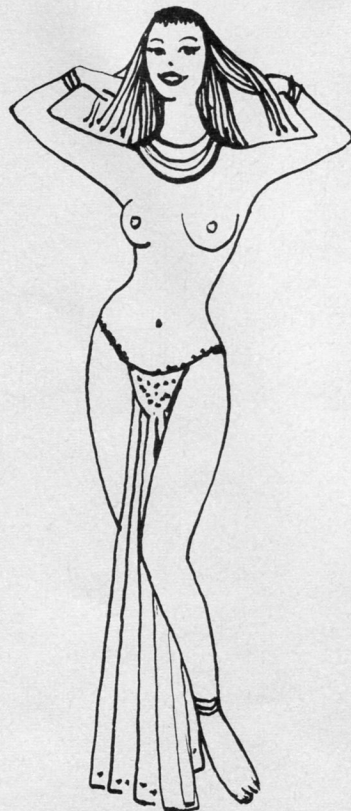
That GI on the shell-pocked street of the village of Mokkye-dong made an apt comparison when he classed Clammy Annie with a black widow spider.

She has certainly outsmarted and outlived many of her temporary mates, and earned the right to be named along with Calamity Jane, “Charlie” Parkhurst, Mata Hari, Lucrezia Borgia and others of the fair sex who have added proof to the old adage of the female being deadlier than the male.



"This isn't the kind of examination I meant!"

BEWARE OF GIRLS





WEARING PAJAMAS



THERE are nearly as many pros and cons on the matter of nighties as there are men in the world... but research has brought out the facts that the cons have it. Men today are in open revolt against these gossamer creations which are designed by other men.

If you must date a girl who has a closetful of nighties, you're in for trouble, chum! Regardless of how finely woven, how revealing the gown may be, it's a trap! When the luscious lady of your life tells you to make yourself easy while she "changes into something more comfortable," don't start imagining the rest of the evening ahead. Just start figuring her angle! There is bound to be one!

Let's start from the top!

If she comes out of the boudoir wearing pajamas, you might as well finish your drink, promise to call her sometime and go home. You'll sleep more comfortably in your own bed than you would on her davenport and that's where you would end up for certain. This girl is serious about not being "that kind of a girl," and pajamas should prove it.

But if she reappears in one of those filmy, seductive creations that go with dim lights and champagne, and there is the odor of a delicate perfume wafted into the room with her—Buster, you're in real trouble.

She will suggest that the lights be dimmed even more; that you take the phone off the hook and disconnect the doorbell, then the two of you will repair—temporarily—to the sofa, where caresses, champagne and soft endearments are intermingled.

The only thing wrong with this picture is that the nightie is manufactured out of a material that might better have been used in parachute lines. Despite your efforts, as you breathe rash things into her ear, the damned thing doesn't come off.

Finally, by the time you're half out of



your mind, she succumbs and invites you to the boudoir. You don't realize until the next morning what all the talk was about. Wasn't there a mention of a license, a ring? And you **did** make some kind of a promise about a justice of the peace, didn't you? If you're wondering how he got into this act, your paramour will no doubt remind you that you had promised to appear before him. And it has nothing to do with that parking ticket you got in June, 1947, and never bothered to pay!

There's still one answer left, chum. If that nightie was impenetrable enough to get you into this mess, maybe it'll support your weight when you step off a chair under the chandelier.

Four of ten men who have been through the experience just outlined will take a girl who sleeps in the nude every time. (The other six ended up marrying the girl, so their votes may not be considered wholly legitimate!)

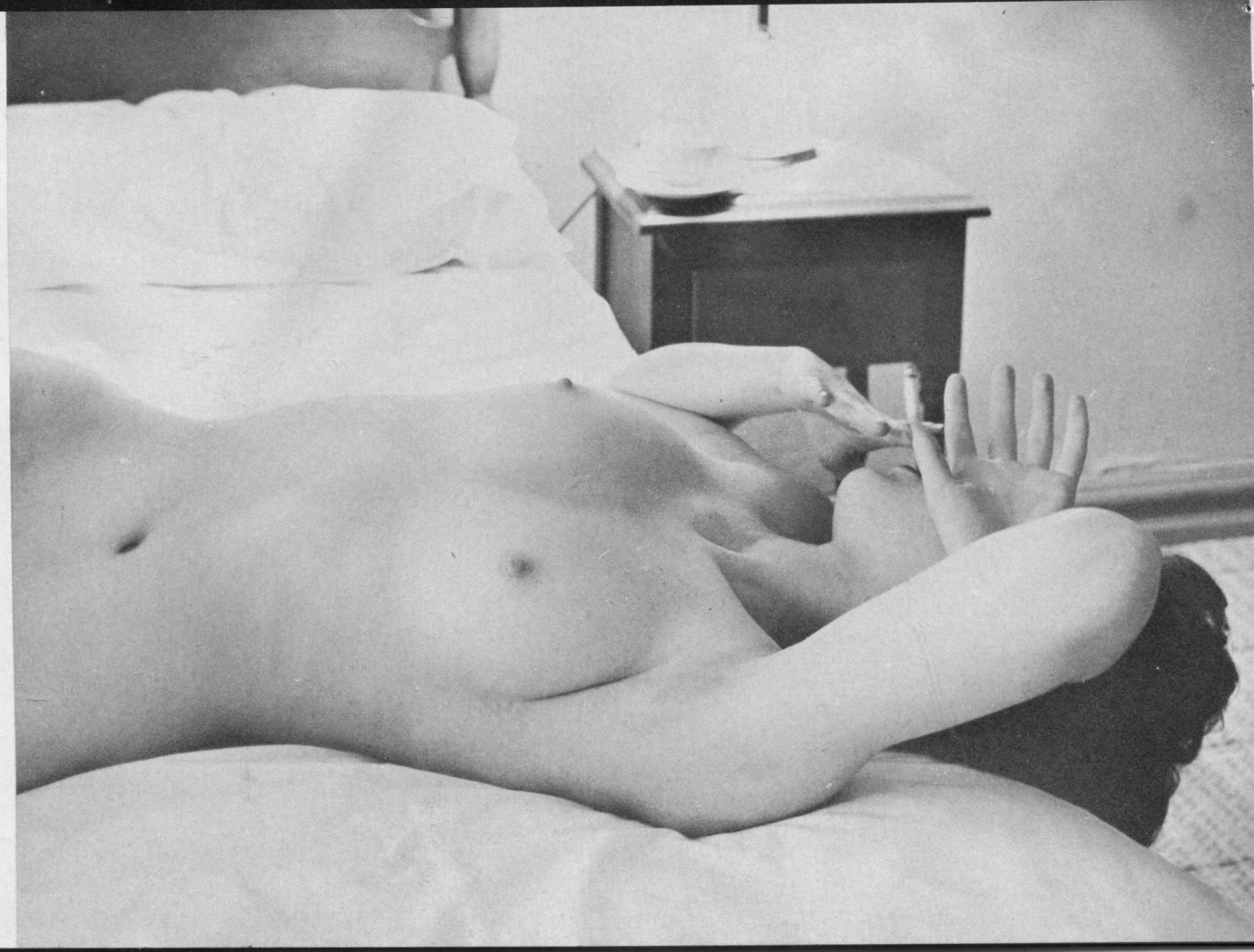
When those lights are turned down low, and you're brooding over your drink, wondering why your new love is taking so long in the boudoir, don't get impatient.

There's a chance she will appear in the dim light and invite you into the darkness beyond. She'll be wearing no pajamas, no nightie with each thread having a tensile strength equal to a three-inch steel cable no nothing.

Then, if you're a confirmed bachelor, this is the girl for you. She has shown a willingness to meet you half way. She demands nothing until certain you both are happy with yourselves. She is as interested in you as you are in her.

Besides, the shadows of a bedroom don't have tensile strength! Instead, they serve only as the hiding place of love, which will creep out into the night to engulf you both.







RUNAWAY SLAVE GIRL

Things have been going to hell ever since they gave women the vote. No longer are they content to linger about the palace garden and entertain us psuedo potentates with sex-laden dances, bright sayings and soothing songs of love to come.

No. They want to get out in the world and achieve. Just exactly what they want to achieve is often subject for discussion with no final answer, but that doesn't keep them from wanting to ankle off and show how independent they can be.

But while women are attempting to display their independence much as did the slave girl who ran away from the harem, it becomes pretty obvious in time that they are doing it primarily to attract attention.

Take the slave girl, for instance. There's no great point in having a luscious, beauteous body and the face of an angel, if it's lost among similarly interesting torsoes. The competition is rough, and it's doubtful the sheik would notice one slave girl more than another.

But if the slave girl wants to attract attention, all she has to do is run away — or pretend to be running, at least — and she's immediately the center of interest. The sheik is bent upon having her returned and immediately sets out on her trail.

This, of course, is what she really has wanted all the time, and he'll have less trouble in catching up with her than he probably figured on. She's waiting





for him in some secluded glade.

They'll be alone, of course, and the problem of whether he takes a few strips of skin off her back with a whip for trying to escape or whether she is able to display her charms to such an advantage that he feels the chase was worth the reward is up to her.

But it isn't really so different anywhere in the world. If that girl at the office is trying to show you up pro-

fessionally, it's more probable that it's sex rather than ambition. She's only trying to arouse your interest — among other things — so it might be worth checking into.

You'll no doubt be surprised what you find under that disguise of efficiency. She's probably just as warm and wanting as any other girl you've ever known, but has a different way of letting it be known.





Only A Fool Would Let Her Out Of Sight,



Let Alone Out Of The Harem



Two Can Live As Cheaply, Sure, But It

YOUR OWN

HAREM ON A BUDGET



Before one begins a HAREM, it helps to know something about *selectivity*—or you're apt to be back down at Amiable Amhed's, the Used Wife Dealer, finding that your 30-day-money-back-if-not-satisfied agreement was invalid.

When selecting that bevy of beauties for your personal Retinue of Romance, keep in mind that you can't live on love in spite of what the antiquated romantics may have said about it, and that half a dozen mouths to feed will not add up to anywhere near the minor total of one. (Unless, of course, you're either a Texan with oil wells or a real honest-to-gosh sheik with same. If so, perhaps *you* can give us pointers!)

A good test is to keep track of the number of times she invites you to her apartment for dinner, compared to the number you have to take her out. Even a five-to-one average can be considered as adequate, and you can figure that as your friendship develops her invitations will become more frequent. After all, it's those evenings at home that really make the old HAREM what it is; and

even an amateur should know that seduction in a night club setting is often frowned upon by the management.

Of course, the prime test is to discover your newest conquest's feelings on the sharing of wealth. For example, if she wants you to put her up in a penthouse, you'd better mark her off the list. Your bank account is in jeopardy, friend. The penthouse is only the beginning, and you'll find that she's much more loyal toward anything bearing dollar signs than she will be to you personally. This can hardly be called true love.

On the other hand, after your initial clandestine meetings, if she brings out that old turkey about two being able to live as cheaply as one and is willing to experiment, you can figure it's the real thing. She's ready, willing and able to move in with you. (This situation, of course, marks the end of your HAREM plans, if accepted. But maybe monogamy is worth it, should you really feel she's the one for you!)

Then there is the age-old factor of wedding bells to be considered. It's a desirable facet, of course, but

Wrecks A Harem Plan



*Be
Sure
She
Loves
You,
Not
Your
Bank
Account!*



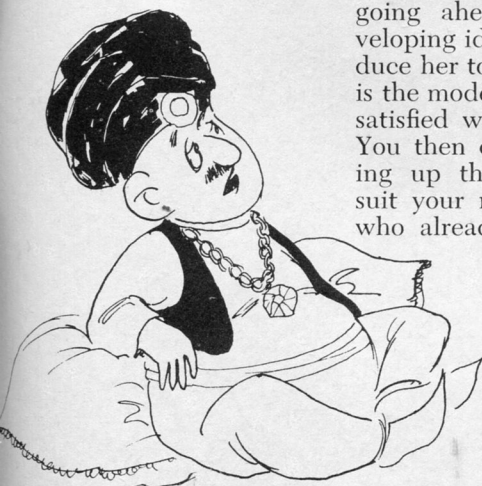
the question is: Can you afford it? Most of the untried young ladies of this age and date are holding out for that thing known universally as marriage. If you find her so desirable that life won't be complete without her, you'd better give up your dreams of leading a sultan-like life and plan on settling down to bringing home a weekly pay-check.

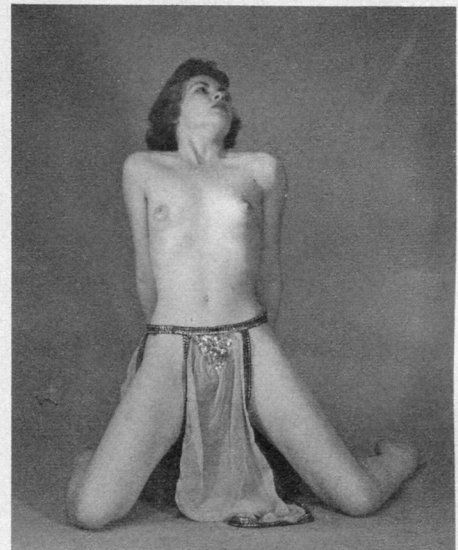
If you are intent, however, upon going ahead with the harem-developing ideas, you can always introduce her to one of your friends, who is the model of propriety and will be satisfied with a vine-covered shack. You then can concentrate upon lining up those luscious beings who suit your needs, the type of lovely who already has tasted life in the

raw and finds she likes it.

With this type, too, one must use a degree of caution in making one's selections. While you're out to assemble a harem of luscious, desirable females, you must keep in mind that some of them are doing exactly the same thing. It's a terrible blow to the ego of even an amateur sheik to find suddenly that he is only one of a dozen or so swains of that boudoir beauty, and that he is only being used to fill her otherwise vacant periods in life.

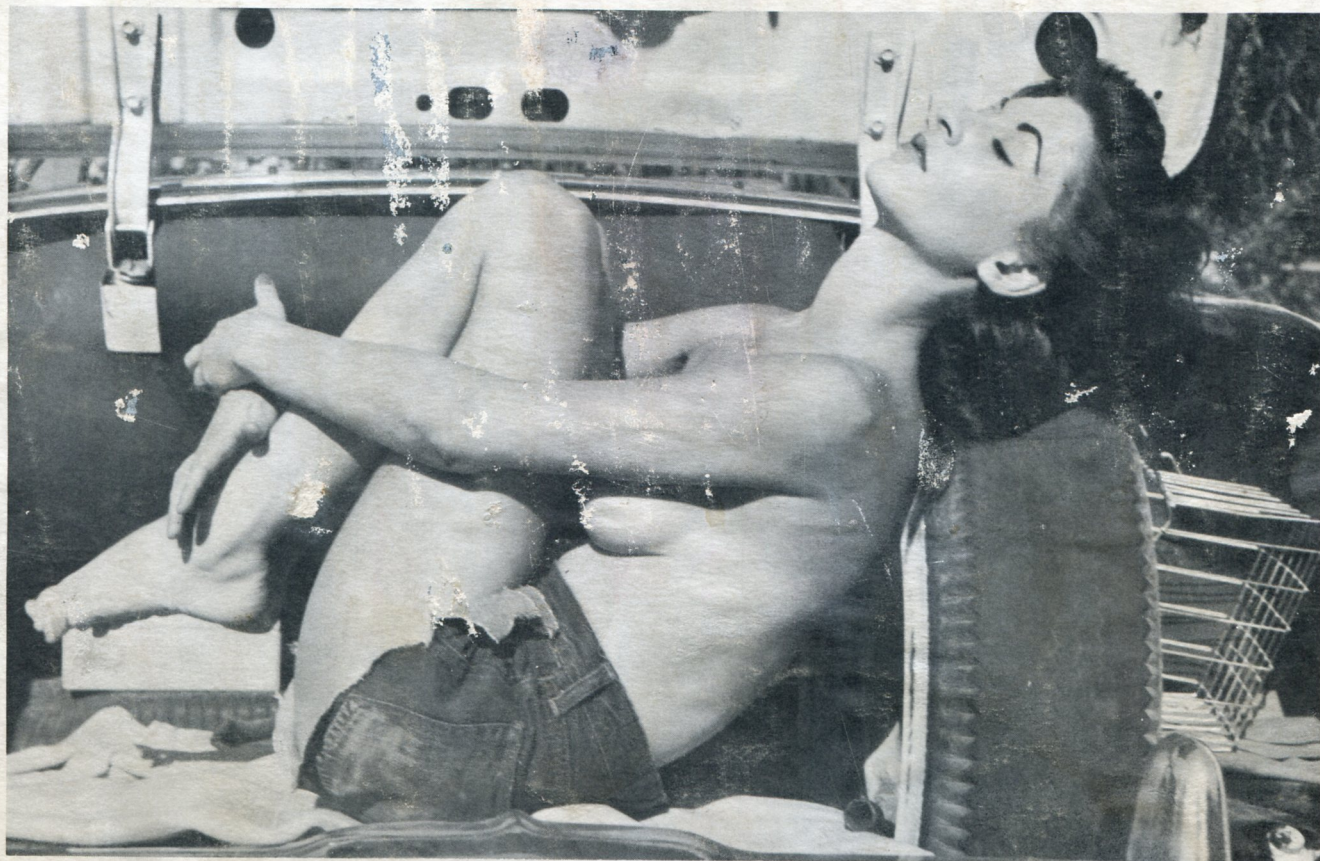
As you can see, there is more to this thing of being a sheik than meets the eye. Even a HAREM has its problems—but don't you think it might be worth all the trouble?





*You Have To Be Selective If You're Not To
Be Bankrupt--Emotionally And Otherwise!*





H A R E M



"I thought you were going to spend the night with a friend"